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FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

PAPA. *"Well, Sissy, how do you like School?"*
SISSY. *"Oh! So muts."*
PAPA. *"That's right. Now tell me all you have learnt to-day."*
SISSY. *"I've learnt the names of all the little boys!"*

BEATITUDE IN BAKER STREET.

"The Smithfield Cattle Show takes place this year at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, N."—Advertisement.

O BAKER Street, what 's so genteel,
What news, what noble news for you!
The living beef and pork and veal
No more at your Bazaar we 'll view.
The beasts are gone to Islington,
Where all their farmer-friends must go,
The world congratulates you on
Deliverance from the Cattle Show.

Too long the gentle Swell who dwells
In Alpha Road, or Regent's Park,
Has borne the nuisance that compels
His walking home in wet or dark.
Too long his gentle lips have cursed
The Show that brings the clods to town,
And crams the busses till they burst
With burly farmers big and brown.

O placid street, that seems to sleep
In quiet pride that hates a row,
This year thy crinolines shall sweep
Uncrushed by hoof of HODGE or cow:
Thy languid swelldom, yellow gloved,
Shall lounge as it was wont to do,
No longer from thy pavement shoved
By country brutes, fourlegged, or two.

No more Mossoo, who vant so mush
To see JOHN BULL how he amuse,
Into thy Chapel's aisle shall rush,
And look for oxen in the pews.
No more Mossoo shall fiercely pull
Its Beadle's coat, and ask the prig,
"Vere is your ugly big fat bull,
And vere your gross dear little pig?"

O laugh with joy, my Baker Street,
No, laughing 's vulgar, do but smile,
That MANGLEWURZEL's monster meat
Is exiled to some suburb vile.
There let him shout, and bawl, and boast,
And punch big brutes as fat as he:
Cry "Speed the Plough," if that 's his toast,
But speed the ploughboys far from thee.

GAROTTING AND THE GALLOWS-CURE.

IF *Mr. Punch* disapproves of the gallows, it is not because he does not see how strong are the arguments on behalf of that old English Institution. The strongest of these is the manifest truth that the cheapest thing you can do with a worthless rascal is to hang him. By hanging him you rid society of a nuisance altogether. Not only will he never commit another crime, but he will never cost another sixpence.

Then there is no doubt that capital punishment will suppress crime, as persecution will put down heresy, on the same terms. You must hang as you would burn if you were a Spanish Inquisitor. It is neither enough to roast a LATIMER and a RIDLEY or so alive, nor to hang two or three GREENACRES, RUSHES, or PALMERS. Week after week, year after year, reign after reign, you must go on consigning every heretic to the stake, and likewise persevere in sending every criminal to the gibbet:—

A little scragging is a useless thing;
Hang oft, or use not the cannabian string.

Hang without mercy, hang like fun, and you will check Garotters as effectually as Sepoys.

The practice of hanging as at present pursued betrays a grievous contempt of logical dependence. You hang a ruffian for a murderous assault not unless it happens to cause death; and then you hang him not for a crime but an accident! What is the justice that hangs on such a principle as this, much more discerning than the justice of rogues and thieves? Suppose you can prevent one ruffian from knocking my teeth out by hanging another who has broken the jaw of somebody else, ought you not to hang that ruffian? Certainly you ought, unless you can as effectually preserve my grinders and incisors by some other means.

Are there any other? That is just the question on which the necessity or needlessness of hanging depends. Doubtless there are other means more terrible than hanging. You might break Garotters on the wheel. You may, without killing them, punish them more severely than you could by hanging them. Truly penal servitude would be a punishment worse than death. Where is the murderer who was hanged the other day? Nowhere, thinks the unbelieving ticket-of-leave man. The religious malefactor thinks that perhaps he may be in Heaven. They both know that a prisoner in penal servitude is not in a very happy state, however. Only, to be thoroughly effectual, penal servitude must be exemplary. The hardships inflicted on the convict should be very great, and his existence ought to be made extremely miserable; moreover, his misery should be notorious. This latter object might be effected by means of suitable lectures illustrated by dissolving views of scenes of prison-life rendered as unpleasant as need be, and prison discipline sufficiently stern. Many philanthropists, friends of the morally lower orders, would no doubt take a benevolent pleasure in delivering courses of such lectures in the slums.

At any rate, for the prevention of garotte robberies and all other crimes, one step might be taken somewhat analogous to the treatment proverbially recommended for that other complaint, the Influenza, which is just now likewise so prevalent. "Stuff a cold," says the popular adage, "and starve a cough." At present the moral reverse of this rule is observed in penal economy. You stuff a convict and starve a pauper. Wouldn't it probably answer better to allow paupers sufficient food and put criminals on low diet? Thus you may be enabled to get on without the gallows.

"Grosser and Grosser Still."

A BORDEAUX paper gives credit to a grocer in that delightful city for his ingenuity in letting the public know that he sells both Black and Green Tea. He has a large T on each shutter, one letter painted green, the other black. Pooh! This is nothing to the ingenuity of an English tea-dealer in the City, who, to let the world know that he sells the tea called Gunpowder, blows up his wife all day long.

THE SQUIRE AND THE COCKNEY.

THE *Bridgend Chronicle* reports a speech made at the late annual meeting of the Bridgend Labourers' Friend Society by C. R. M. TALBOT, Esq., M.P., in which that honourable and cereal gentleman informed his audience that one antagonist of societies such as theirs was "their facetious friend, *Mr. Punch*." If MR. TALBOT really believed *Punch* to be an antagonist of agricultural societies, it was very gentlemanlike and civil of him to speak of *Mr. Punch* as "their facetious friend." Suppose that belief on his part were warranted by facts, he would have been quite justified in mentioning him as that fool, *Punch*. But to point out the absurdity of pretending to reward the industrious heroism of a long life by presenting a meritorious old carter with a pair of corduroy breeches, is not to gainsay or disparage the wiser and more generous operations of associated farmers. *Mr. Punch* is as much the antagonist of any Labourers' Friend Society as he is of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. MR. TALBOT is further reported as having done *Mr. Punch* the honour to make the following observation about him:—

"He did not mean to say with regard to the remarks of *Mr. Punch* on agricultural associations that they were deserving of very great notice, because they all knew *Punch* was a Cockney, and therefore, what could he know about agriculture?"

Time was when a Cockney was defined to be a person who was born within the sound of Bow-bells. That definition will now no more hold water than a light sandy soil with a substratum of limestone. Railways have made citizens of London citizens of the world. ALDERMAN MECHI is not a Cockney, and if he lives, please the pigs, a Farmer will one day be the Lord Mayor of London.

NO, MR. TALBOT; it is not because people are Cockneys that they know nothing about agriculture. Their ignorance of agriculture is what constitutes them Cockneys. When you represented *Punch* as knowing nothing about agriculture because of being a Cockney, whether you were right or wrong in your estimate of *Mr. Punch's* agricultural knowledge, anyhow you put the cart before the horse. Do you call that the act of a countryman, Sir? *Punch* may or may not be a Cockney; but if he is one, you are another.

A GROWL AT THE UNDERGROUND.

MR. PUNCH presents his respectful compliments to the Directors of the Underground Railway, or Metropolitan Railway, or Sewer Railway, or whatever they call the thing that has been making such a horrible mess in the New Road for the last few years, and strongly advises them either to open that line to the public, or to give the public, through some official or other, a decent reason why they keep on postponing the opening. If neither be done, the affair will get into as bad odour as its intrusive friend, Fleet Ditch. He informs them, in confidence, that along the district under which this railway is supposed to go, the following are among the reasons generally assigned for the delay:—

It is said that the entire tunnel has fallen in; that Fleet Ditch aforesaid has again poured in, and now permeates through the whole length; that two of the fattest Directors, trying to pass in the tunnel, have stuck, and are being reduced by starvation in order to their being got out; that the place is full of Garotters, who have established a robbers' cave, and will have to be drowned out; that indignant neighbours, enraged at their cellars being invaded, have bored holes through which they mean to shoot at the trains; that MR. THWAITES has bought the thing, and annexed it to the main drainage scheme; that the Pneumatic Company have taken it for experiments in transmitting parcels by air-pump; that the hideous erection opposite Trinity Church is so like the International Exhibition building that the Commissioners have fallen in love with it, and want it for the Exhibition of 1872; that the rats have rushed in by millions and eaten all the clerks, porters, and ticket-takers; that the General Omnibus Company, fearful of injury to their monopoly, have bribed the Great Western people to block the new line up; that DR. CUMMING has found out prophetically that the opening of the line will bring on the end of the world; and that somebody or other is blundering, or squabbling, or jobbing, or going to law, and there's no knowing when the thing will be opened.

Now all these reasons may be right, or none of them may, but it would be a great comfort to the New Road to know the truth, and specially to the fast young gentlemen who propose to use the subterranean line, and who already playfully speak of their intention to take daily three pen'north of sewer. *Mr. Punch* respectfully invites the Directors to open either the railway or their mouths.

A NICE STATE OF THINGS!

OR THE STREETS IN 1862.

OH, I 'm an Anti-Garotter so bold,
If I shiver and shake, 'tis but with cold,
I don't know such a feeling as fear,
But I warn Garotters not to come near!

I carry sword-blades in all my sticks;
I wear round my neck a steel collar with pricks;
Revolvers in both coat-pockets I bear,
And a bowie-knife that will split a hair.

I won't trust to laws or police, not I,
For their protection is all my eye;
In my own hands I take the law,
And use my own fists to guard my jaw.

Is that a footstep behind my back?
It must be one of the strangling pack;
Is that a lurking villain I view,
Crouched in the doorway of number two?

Here 's somebody coming! He'd best beware,
I'll give him a warm reception I swear.
Where's my revolver? Good gracious! I see
He's bringing his pistol to bear on *me!*

Hold hard, put up your weapon, Sir, do—
I am an Anti-Garotter too!
We carry both sword-sticks and bowie-knives,
And we both of us go in fear of our lives!

A nice state of things, Sir, this I call;
Turning out like a walking arsenal,
With pistol and dagger and collar of steel—
It has a most un-English feel!

To SIR JOSHUA JEBB I wish no wrong,
But I must say he comes it rather strong,
When he tries to prove that the rogues and thieves,
Ain't a bit the worse for their ticket-of-leaves.

He may talk until he's black in the face,
The Garotters are there to upset his case,
And British householders forced to go
Armed, like *Hamlet's* ghost, from top to toe!

While such is the state of British law,
Let the British Lion hold his jaw,
On the safety to property life and limb
Enjoyed by those who live under him!

Here's Paterfamilias, poor old boy,
In self-defence must weapons employ,
More like, by the way in which he potters,
To damage himself than the Garotters.

An Englishman's house used his castle to be;
Now that castle in state of siege we see.
There are burglars in the back-yard at work,
And on the front-door step Garotters lark.

And Paterfamilias walks the streets
In dread of every soul that he meets;
In dread of each foot-fall he may hear,
Lest it herald a rush in on his rear—

A pair of hands flung round his throat,
A dig in his wind and a tug at his coat,
With, ten to one, a fractured jaw
From a Knuckle-duster or Indian Claw.

We're highly civilised people I know;
And the nineteenth century's trumpet we blow;
But while the Garotter performs his feats,
Let us silence our brag till we've purged our streets.

SENSATION SIGHT-SEEING.

OUTH must have its Swing. This is an old saying, and may or may not be the reason of the love which fast young men now have for seeing people risk their lives in the swing of the trapèze. "To see a man swing at the end of a string," holding on by his eyelids, "is quite a new thing," and imparts an extra relish to the dish of devilled kidneys and the glass or two of stout which, after a good dinner of (say) six courses at seven, is thought needful to sustain exhausted nature at eleven.

But after a while the trapèse palls upon the palate, and feats more highly spiced with danger are demanded. So LÉOTARD the Wondrous gives place to the Great OLMAR, who walks, head down, along the ceiling, by means of iron rings through which he puts his feet. What gives a greater zest to the sight of this performance is the fact that, if the acrobat by any chance should fall, he would tumble on the heads of the spectators underneath him, and probably kill some of them besides killing himself. This result of course may happen any evening; for however well controlled his nerves and limbs may be, no acrobat can guard himself against the freaks of nature, and a momentary spasm or a sudden fit of giddiness might make him miss his foothold, and kill him on the spot.

If the mania for seeing these Sensation feats continue, there really is no telling to what dangers it may lead, and what a taste for savage sports it may gradually induce. The bloody cruelties of bull-fights will be witnessed with delight, and here in Christian England will be revived the brutal circus-scenes of ancient pagan Rome. The trapèze and the tight-rope will be voted stale and slow, and tiger-fights and gladiators will be in request. In feats like those performed by our trapèzists and rope-walkers it is not so much the wonder as the danger that attracts; and the morbid taste for seeing human life in peril is one of the most debasing of all depraved tastes. It blunts the sense of sympathy and deadens sensibility, and gradually paralyses all the finer feelings which it is the aim of education to evoke.

The craving for Sensation is a most unhealthy appetite, and public injury is done by all who pander to it. Might not acrobats be charged with attempting to commit suicide, and, in the case of their suspension over other people's heads, might not an attempt at manslaughter be added to the charge? Perhaps SIR GEORGE GREY at his leisure, having stamped out the Garotters, will consider this moot point. Brutalising pastimes demoralise a nation, and ought on public grounds to be discountenanced and stopped.

MY STARS AND GARTER!

MR. REUTER's latest telegram from America informs us:—

"The journals represent Richmond to be in a very lawless condition, no persons venturing out after nightfall."

Our American cousins would seem to be no better off than we are. It appears to be equally dangerous to move out "after nightfall" in the New World as in the Old. In that respect we are as much prisoners in London as they are in Richmond. We dare not leave our houses for fear of being killed. Garotting inspires as much terror apparently as Civil War. The atrocities of the one are not less dreaded than those of the other. We ought to be ashamed of ourselves for attempting to kill one another with the same zest as Americans! Why don't the Garotters unite themselves into a corps, and emigrate to America? They would be a formidable body there, and the greater the number of lives they took the more highly would their services be appreciated, whereas it is just the reverse here. We can assure both North and South, that they are heartily welcome to such arms as these nocturnal marauders employ; in fact, we shall look upon it as the strongest proof of friendship that we have received for a long time from the other side of the water, if they will but relieve us of their disagreeable presence. We shall not mourn much over the loss, or expatriation, of gentlemen, whose hands are always professionally raised against every man's throat. In England, they are useless, and only in the way; in America, so long as the war lasts, they might be turned to valuable account.

AN 'OWL FROM THE ORGAN-HUNTED.

"The Prefect of Police at Paris has issued an order to all locksmiths, coppersmiths, tinplate workers, and all operatives using heavy hammers, and to all persons following trades or occupations which require the employment of machines capable of disturbing the repose of the neighbouring inhabitants. . . The decree further forbids any person to play a noisy instrument during the same hours."

HAPPY land, happy land, whate'er the Emperor be,
Still my head, with organs racked, will in envy turn to thee,
Where the copper-smiths are silenced, and the tinplate-workers dumb,
From sunset till the milk and the morning sparrows come.

I think upon the orders of the Prefect of Police,
That bids the tired Parisian rest in stillness and in peace,
In my frequented thoroughfare 's distraction, din, and woe,
From the moment that I ope my eyes to cries of "milk-below"!

Through the misery of my mornings from the clamour that ne'er ceases,
Of "Hearthstones," "Fine fresh Mackarel," "Old Clo'," and "Water-cresses,"
The agony of afternoons by organ-grinders haunted,
And German-bands, and melodies by nigger minstrels chaunted.

And thus I sit, and curse my fate, and tear my hair and sigh,
For the Paternal despotism that rules in lands hard-by,
And could almost greet Imperialism, that brought me a police,
With power to silence organs and bid bag-pipes go in peace.

JUDICIAL COMEDY.

AMONGST the comic institutions of London, there is an entertainment which consists of the mimic proceedings of a British Court of Justice. A great improvement on this diverting representation would be effected by substituting, for the similitude of a British tribunal, that of a French Assize Court. The late trial of the DUC DE GRAMMONT-CADEROUSSE, and the other parties concerned in the fatal duel between that titled turfite and the sporting editor, DILLON, accurately reproduced, would afford an English auditory immense amusement and perhaps some instruction, for it might teach them duly to value the usages of their country. No burlesque or parody of it would be at all necessary; the simple repetition of the dialogue between the President and the accused would be quite sufficient for the purpose of raising laughter. For instance, take the subjoined questions and answers, translated by the *Times* from the *Constitutionnel*. The interlocutors are the principal prisoner at the bar, and the presiding Judge:—

"*Q.* But you admit your letter was too violent. Would it not have been advisable to publish the modified letter?

"*A.* I was placed under the necessity of giving it as it was written. It was said that I refused to give satisfaction to MR. DILLON, because he was not of my position. All men of honour have a right to ask for reparation, and I never conceived the idea of shielding myself behind my name and position.

"*Q.* We admire this language, and accept it; it is that of an honourable man."

This outburst of sentiment on the President's part is surely much funnier than the solemn rebuke which the LORD CHIEF BARON would administer to a witness or a prisoner for asserting, in terms such as those above quoted, the duty of duelling.

Again, what absurdity that ever occurs even in a trial at any county Assizes, can equal that of the following quip and repartee?—

"*Q.* However it may be, you have handled a sword before, and your opponent was a man who had never held a sword in his hand.

"*A.* Mr. President, do you think it would have been more just to place me opposite to a man who was notoriously known as a crack-shot with the pistol?"

"I think I had him there," aside to the jury, for the foregoing lively conversation was carried on before a body of that name, is the only conceivable addition by which the prisoner under examination could have heightened the effect of his retort upon the examining Judge.

The preceding specimens of the last French *cause célèbre* will suffice to demonstrate the expediency of occasionally varying the buffooneries of the Judge and Jury Club with a faithful enactment of that scene of mutual raillery, altercation, and recrimination between the President and the culprit, which, diversified with the enunciation of moral sentiments by the one and the other and everybody else concerned, is exhibited in the administration of justice as practised in France.

Of course, the conclusion of M. DE CADEROUSSE's trial was as absurd as any that could have been come to at the mock Assizes in the Dust-Bin, or wherever they are held. The accused were all acquitted. That result might be expected as the verdict of jurors who would probably find murder complicated with adultery to be homicide under extenuating circumstances.

AN INGENIOUS DEVICE.

TOMKINS (to MRS. T., who is nervous about Robbers). *"There, my dear, we'll stick that up in the Garden while I'm in the City, and I think you may make yourself easy about Robbers for the future."*

BALLAD OF KING ALFRED AND THE GRECIAN CAKES.

HEAVEN prosper our right noble QUEEN,
Her sons and daughters all;
A fairer household never met
In Windsor's ancient Hall.

The Grecians of the modern type
Did kick KING OTHO out,
Because they saw the time was ripe
For making of a rout.

To QUEEN VICTORIA then they came,
"O Queen of much renown,
We hope you will not think it shame
Your son should wear our crown."

"I do not think it shame," quoth She,
"But for he lacks not pelf
Nor name nor place of high degree,
You'd better ask himself."

The sailor-prince they did invite
To take the tempting prize;
He did not hitch his trousers white,
Nor bless his princely eyes.

Nor of lee scuppers aught he said,
Like MR. T. P. COOKE,
But bending courteously his head,
Replied like any book:

"I thank you for your proffered wage,
And for your words polite,
But I have lately read a page
By my good friend CHARLES KNIGHT.

"There was an English ALFRED once
Who seldom made mistakes,
Yet got the character of dunce
For spoiling certain cakes.

"I know not if the tale be true,
But it is seen in print;
And ALFRED who addresses you
Intends to take the hint.

"Some cakes are made of Turkish flour,
With currants from the Isles:
To cook such things exceeds my power,
My Hellenistic files."

He smiled upon the crafty Greeks,
Who left, remarking free;
"Though there's scant down upon his cheeks,
A downy Prince is he."

Heaven prosper our right noble QUEEN,
Her sons and daughters all.
The chance of Selling them, I ween,
Is most uncommon small.

THE GAROTTE SENTENCES.

MR. PUNCH has not yet been informed that the counsel for the very few Garotters upon whom MR. JUSTICE BRAMWELL passed a sufficiently severe sentence have had interviews with SIR GEORGE GREY, in favour of their clients, and of course it logically follows that *Mr. Punch* is not aware that the Home Secretary has commuted the sentences. He may think that MR. JUSTICE BRAMWELL has been sufficiently lenient, and the public, for once, will concur with SIR GEORGE GREY. But perhaps MR. JUSTICE BRAMWELL, who is an acute gentleman and good at irony, drew his charming picture of the gaol life, the warm room, the comfort, and the light work, by way of promoting a change in our present system of prison discipline. If so, *Mr. Punch* is inclined to accept this service to society, and to abstain from observing that most of the scoundrels sentenced last week got off in a way which must please their friends and imitators, as was proved by the number of garotte assaults which took place on the night after the sentences.

A Charge of Huggery.

ONE of the thieves' terms for Garotting is "putting the hug on." They would have been nearer the truth, if they had said "Thug" in this instance, considering the love of violence and murder that seem to be inherently connected with the pursuit.

ALFRED REFUSES TO BURN HIS FINGERS.

THE PENNY-A-LINER AT HOME.

An Imaginary Narrative Suggested by the reports of Recent Tremendous Conflagrations (large fires).

THE Penny-a-Liner had finished his labours for the night, and having provided sensation for the breakfast table of the public, calmly sat down to his own supper.

"I am anxious to express to the intelligent and affectionate partner of my existence," he remarked, "my conviction that the ordinary period of refreshment has been somewhat objectionably postponed."

"No such thing, JIM," replied his pretty wife, "and don't hurry me, there's a good boy, or I shall spoil the rabbit."

"Does your observation imply, my dear, that the banquet in course of preparation consists of the rabbit from the Cambrian Principality, or the four-footed quadruped from a seaport not a hundred miles from Ostend?"

"Welsh, JIM, dear."

"So far from giving utterance to any feelings of disappointment at the substitution of the less nutritious but more gustatory edible, my dear JANE, I am gratified that upon the present occasion you should have selected the former, and I will only remark that the least amount of procrastination the more satisfactory will be the result."

"Two minutes more, JIM," said his wife, "and calm your mind by pouring out the beer."

"Experience of the irregularities of feminine computation of time, my dear, induces me to defer that operation until your culinary duties shall have been completed, as any effervescence which may be generated by the transfer of the liquor from one vessel to the other will certainly have subsided before your preparations will have terminated."

"You're another," laughed his wife, setting the hissing cheese before him, and giving him a playful box on the ears by way of grace.

"I am disinclined to believe that the oldest *habitué* of the Cheshire Cheese ever addressed himself to a rabbit that better fulfilled the conditions prescribed by the sages of nutrimental lore," replied her husband, smiling. "Let me transfer a portion to your plate."

"A wee bit, dear. To tell truth, I had something with the kids."

"That is a violation of the engagement, both expressed and implied, JENNY, that our concluding meal should be taken simultaneously."

"Well, I'm here, am I not, grumble?"

"As the immortal bard of Avon has felicitously expressed it, you keep the word of promise to the ear and break it to the hope. But the quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands, and let us drown all unkindness in the flowing bowl."

"Ah! mind my nice clean cloth!"

"As another poet less familiar to the general public than the sweet swan of Avon observes, 'A little water takes the sin away.'"

"Very fine, but you don't pay the washing bills."

"Base is the slave that pays, that is to say except when he remunerates the purveyor of information for the sensational literature which he furnishes, and makes the basis of such remuneration the original quantity of matter supplied, not that to which the fastidiousness of his vitiated taste or the urgencies of an advertising public induce him to condense the narrative of his contributor."

"Anything up to-night, JIM, dear? I hope so."

"I am gratified to be able to communicate the information that your anticipations are not doomed to disappointment. I was privately apprised by one of the guardians of the public peace, whose early intelligence I have frequently secured by a slight compensation, that much excitement prevailed in the immediate vicinity of Gray's Inn Lane in consequence of a report that an establishment for the retail sale of spirituous liquors was in a state of conflagration."

"Gin-shop caught fire, eh?"

"Hastening thither, I was fortunate enough to recognise in an intelligent official (who was bellowing, in a general manner, at the top of his voice, for any kind of assistance, but without specifying the particular character of the aid desired) the respected beadle of a distant parish, who by a concatenation of circumstances upon which it is not now necessary to dilate, happened to be in the proximity of the establishment. He obligingly favoured me with information which in addition to the results of my own observation, I combined in a statement which I have reason to believe will materially assist you in the purchase of that elegant novelty in the light of a bonnet that you have long been anxious to eliminate."

"You are a dear old long-winded duck, and that's what you are," said his pretty wife, kissing him. "And now come to the fire and have your pipe."

"I recommend you as a preliminary arrangement to concentrate the devouring element, my dear."

"Poke the fire together? Do it yourself, lazy bones."

And the meritorious couple sat down with their toes upon the fender for a conjugal gossip.

[The smartness of the above satire is no excuse for its injustice. In the first place, the honest fellows who cook up the sensation writing for our breakfast-tables are just the very last persons to talk the bosh which they write: in the second, everybody ought to be very much obliged to them for running about half the nights to make articles for us: and lastly, we believe that the majority of the public love long words better than short ones, and on the whole consider the use of vestry-man's jargon a proper compliment to themselves. Now then, Mr. Contributor.]—PUNCH.

LINES TO A LEADEN BULLET.

"PISA, Nov. 26. At ten o'clock this morning DR. ZANETTI successfully extracted the bullet from GARIBALDI'S wound.—*Reuter's Telegram.*"

WHAT gold or gem, discoloured lump of lead,
Now in a hero's wound no more to rankle,
Outshines thee, drawn to light from that deep bed,
Where thou hast lain in GARIBALDI'S ankle?

Thy lustre is such glory as redounds
From hangmen's tools that wrought a Martyr's passion,
Clear of the doubt that commonly surrounds
Those trinkets of ecclesiastic fashion.

No fable 'tis that thou didst strike him down
Against oppression strong and shameless, leading
A hope forlorn; what Saint e'er won his crown
In juster cause more generously bleeding?

By thee he fell upon his march to Rome,
Where the Elect of France expounds her mission,
Trampling the right by which he reigns at home;
Propping by force the rule of superstition.

True Relic, how unlike that spurious Cross,
The Legionary badge false France wears on her!
That bauble's but the mock of Honour's loss,
Thou art the emblem of all lost but Honour.

REDRESS, NOT UNDRESS.

THE Police of Newcastle-upon-Tyne have grievances, which they appear to have set before their superiors in a sensible and respectful manner, and which, generally speaking, *Mr. Punch* considers reasonable. The constables want a little more time for tea, and this is a proper request, as nothing is more disagreeable than to burn one's mouth, and a policeman rushing to administer the law with his mouth full of bread and butter is certainly deficient in the dignity which should appertain to the Executive. They also ask for a fair hearing, and a right of defence, when complained against, and on the whole *Mr. Punch* deems this not to be an outrageous demand on the part of an Englishman. They further beg to be treated civilly by their superiors, and not to be intimidated or sworn at, and there may be something to be said in favour of this petition, as also in favour of a prayer that when a night constable has to attend in court the first thing in the day, he may be allowed to go to bed at four o'clock in the previous morning. So far, *Mr. Punch* is all with the Newcastle police. But their concluding suggestion demands pause. It is this:—

"That the inspection of clothing be abolished, as a more disgraceful thing cannot be than a Police-constable carrying his clothes continually about the streets."

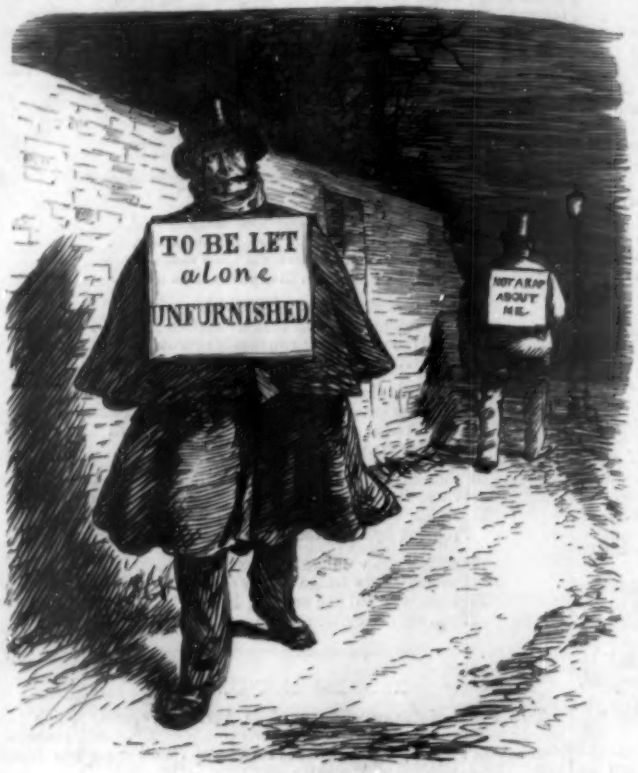
If this applies only to the night police we do not know that there is much to say against the proposed arrangement, except that the nights are very cold just now, and that an undraped policeman must, one would think, be rather uncomfortable. Still, if he likes to go about without clothes at a time when, except the police none but bad characters, who are not sensitive, are likely to be about, we do not object, the less that we don't live in Newcastle. But in the interest of that respectable city, *Mr. Punch* would protest against such an arrangement for the day time, and he puts it to the intelligent constables whether, disgraceful as they may think it to carry their clothes about the streets, it would not be almost as disgraceful to walk about without conventional integuments. The *statuesque* has its merits, but it is hardly suited to the police-force. This is the only serious objection which *Mr. Punch* can make to the memorial, and he hopes to hear that the authorities have attended to all the other complaints, which, if well grounded, do not speak well for the good sense and good feeling of the police chiefs of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

A Shakspearian Query.

In *Hamlet*, Act II., Scene 2, is this:—

"*King.* He tells me, my dear GERTRUDE, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.
"*Queen.* I doubt it is no other but the *main*."

Does her Majesty imply that *Hamlet* suffered from sea-sickness? This would be an interesting hint for the next revival.



A HINT

TO PARTIES WHO RESIDE IN A GAROTTING NEIGHBOURHOOD.

SENTIMENT'S PET.

Come let us be merry and drink while we may,
More punch, Tom, and see that it 's hotter,
And hope going home we shan't meet on the way
Sweet Sentiment's pet, the Garotter.

At present proud London 's a criminal's den,
We envy the home of the cotter,
His fare and his couch may be humble, but then
He don't apprehend the Garotter.

We once sent such rascals across the broad sea,
But prigs took to preaching and potter,
And now not a decentish thoroughfare 's free
From the fruit of their bosh, the Garotter.

A gentleman 's walking, perchance with a crutch,
He 'll suddenly stagger and totter;
Don't think that the gentleman 's taken too much,
He 's unluckily met a Garotter.

A lady beside yonder crossing you note,
That rascal has chosen to "spot" her,
One scream, but the next is suppressed in the throat
Embraced by the brutal Garotter.

There are but three ways to get out of his beat,
Turn coachman, or tiler, or yachter,
For no one who walks on Her Majesty's street
Is safe from the scoundrel Garotter.

Mrs. Gamp, though a wretch, was by no means a fool,
And "Live and let live was her motter;"
But "I 'll live and you shan't" is the rascally rule
Of society's foe, the Garotter.

Many ways are proposed to extinguish the pest,
And punish the ruffianly plotter;
But this is the cheapest, and quickest, and best,
And will finish the dastard Garotter.

Just take a good cord, and divide her in nine,
Let a skilled boson's-mate rig and knot her:
Then lay the sound lesson of "line upon line"
Into Sentiment's Pet, the Garotter.

WANT OF HOLY WATER.

An enormous concourse of Irish Yahoos assembled on Sunday last week at Blackheath, in order to make a demonstration against the demand of the Roman people that the French troops should go away and leave them to choose their own Government. This truly monster-meeting consisted of several thousands of those horrid creatures, who had congregated at Deptford from Dockhead, Bermondsey, Rotherhithe, and other places in the neighbourhood, at which they have established hordes. Having reached their destination, the bulk of the herd arranged itself about a mound, which was occupied by some twenty of the leading Yahoos. Their orgies commenced by the utterance of loud hurroos for the Pope of Rome and hideous yells and groans for Garibaldi.

Four chief Yahoos then harangued the herd in furious gibberish, accompanied by violent gesticulations. Their gabble, as far as it was intelligible, was understood to signify their determined sympathy with their Holy Father, as they did Pius the Ninth the honour of calling him, and their hatred to that Garibaldi whom they honoured much more highly by calling him a buccaneer, and other abusive names. They boasted that they had come there quietly, without their shillelaghs, to vindicate Popery and the temporal absolutism of the Pope by mere howling; for which they were prepared to shed the last drop of their blood, if the perpetual enslavement of the Romans should require that precious sacrifice.

A scarcely articulate resolution of sympathy with the Pope, in his antagonism to Italian unity, was then agreed upon, and carried with an unanimous whoop, and the herd of Yahoos, though they screech at the Reformation, then re-formed, and marched off the heath, amid the derision of the spectators, in a dirty procession consisting of tag, rag, and bobtail.

Whilst the Irish Yahoos were holding their congress, order was maintained by a large body of police, mounted and on foot, which had been got ready to protect them from any possible interference on the part of the British public. This was a highly proper precaution, and would have been a very just arrangement, if it had not been one-sided. But the police have orders to disperse the crowds of people who sympathise with the Italians, whilst they are employed to guard the assembled Yahoos during the continuance of their hullaballoo for the papacy.

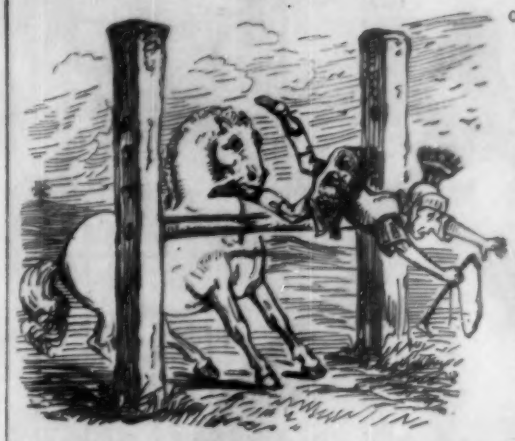
Perhaps the better plan would be impartially to disperse both parties. For this purpose it might be judicious to adopt Mr. Hans Busk's suggestion of a fire-engine to open water on either side. In the case of the Yahoos this proceeding would be peculiarly advantageous. Not only would they derive some bodily benefit from a sprinkling with clean water, but their spiritual interests might at the same time be promoted, at least to their own satisfaction. Their priests have recommended them not to hold these open-air meetings, and therefore should approve of the peaceable dispersion of such assemblies. To that end, if the authorities should resolve to employ a fire-pump, would the reverend gentlemen be so obliging as to consecrate its contents, and then work it?

THE TEXT FOR THE TIME.

Don't rob poor Peter to help poor Paul,
But find, as we can, our mite for all:
Nor pass hungry mouths and bare backs in the South,
To help in the North, cold, hunger, and drouth.
If there 's new need far off, there 's old need at the door:
Then let those give now who ne'er gave before;
And those who gave always now give more.
Each purse that the starving are free to use
Will prove, be sure, a widow's cruise,
Still filled from some mysterious hive,
As folks give more they 'll find more to give.

One Reason why the Pope should be divested of his Temporal Power.—Because it takes four crowns to make a sovereign, and he has only three.

A HERO ON FOUR LEGS.



How many people have short memories in these "Sensation" craving days. But we have probably some readers who recollect the Crimean War, and to them the paragraph which follows may be interesting:—

"DEATH OF A VETERAN.—Died, on the 9th instant, at the Cavalry Barracks, Cahir, 'Crimean Bob,' the oldest troop horse in the British cavalry. This veteran commenced his career in the 15th Hussars, and on their embarcation for India was transferred to the 14th Light Dragoons, and from that regiment to the 11th Hussars in like manner when the 14th were ordered on foreign service. He first joined the army on the 2nd of October, 1833, making a total of military service of nearly 30 years, during which period he was all through the Crimean campaign, and was ridden in the memorable charge of Balaklava, and at the battles of Alma and Inkermann by the present farrier-major of the regiment, and during the whole of the campaign was never once struck off duty through sickness. On the return of the regiment to England he was shown to his Royal Highness the General Commanding-in-Chief, who would not allow him to be cast, but ordered him to be retained in the regiment until his death, which occurred on Sunday morning from old age and general decay, to the sincere regret of all ranks of the regiment, from the colonel down to the youngest recruit, with whom the old horse was a universal favourite.—*United Service Gazette.*"

Army historians have chronicled the lives of many asses, but this is the first time that we have ever known them to biographise a horse, and we rather wish that fuller details had been given anent the animal whose brief but touching memoir we transcribe. We should have liked to know Bob's parentage and early education; what sphere of life he filled ere he became a troop-horse, and how it happened that he entered upon military work. Bob must certainly have had the constitution of a horse, or he never would have gone through the campaign in the Crimea without even once being put on the sick list. When we recollect the hardships and the sickness that were suffered then, we can hardly comprehend how any animal escaped them; and we can hardly help suspecting that a telegraphic order was sent out from the Horse Guards, commanding the Crimean men to "take care of Bob." We can scarcely think it likely that Bob lived on board a yacht, as certain others who survived the Balaclava charge were said to do; but at any rate Bob must have been especially provided for, and must have somehow got full rations, while his comrades were engaged in eating one another's tails. Our military veterans are not always, it is whispered, well cared for in retirement, and we are glad to see that Bob was comfortably pensioned; for now that they have treated a quadruped so well, we may trust that the authorities will serve their bipeds better than they may as yet have done. Many a human veteran half starving on half-pay, must almost wish himself a horse to live in luxury like Bob; who, petted as he was, must have felt always pretty bobbish.

We repeat, we wish Bob's pedigree had been supplied by his biographer. Considering his long connection with the Army, it would be pleasantly appropriate to show he was in some way descended from Bucephalus, or some other fine old war-horse. As it is, we must content ourselves with thinking him related to the race of GENERAL HAYGNAW, or fancying him connected with the family of NEY.

WILD SPORT AT COMPIÈGNE.

THE chords of that heart which has any love of noble sport in it will always vibrate in unison with the burden of the brave old song:—

"Hey ho, chevy!
Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy!
This day a stag must die."

A stag died the other day at the forest of Laigue near Compiègne after a chase which certainly ought to have made everybody concerned in it cry tantivy. The following description of this truly wild hunt is from the pen of an eye-witness:—

"Just when the deer started, His Majesty, who was in plain clothes, re-entered his carriage, while the EMPRESS, the PRINCESS ANNA MURAT, and PRINCE JOACHIM MURAT, who were on horseback, followed the hounds. After a rapid chase the stag threw itself into the Aisne, but, being alarmed by the cries of the persons assembled on the opposite bank, returned to land, and again took to the forest. The dogs were for a time thrown off the scent, but afterwards recovered it, and the stag was at length come up with on the banks of the river. It again plunged, but, unfortunately, was killed by a shot from a rifle, and disappeared in the water."

And so the stag that was destined to die that day, died amid the cries of the spectators assembled on the other side of the river, by the rifle-shot of some forester amongst them, who, of course, was instantly decorated with ribbons as a successful marksman. In the meantime the EMPRESS, the PRINCESS ANNA MURAT, the PRINCE JOACHIM MURAT, and the other ladies and gentlemen whom we may suppose to have been in at the death, were no doubt also giving utterance to their emotions in shouts, than which none could have been more suitable than such approximations to our own inspiriting halloos as *Hého chien! Arcq-forvad, arcq-forvad, tantivé!* As to the hounds, they must have been equally excited at beholding the stag shot, and it may well be imagined that every "little dog laughed to see such sport." It would no doubt have equally amused the EMPEROR, if he had witnessed it, but his Imperial Majesty, for whom such headlong-harum-scarum work was probably rather too much of a good thing (like the bull-fight) stayed behind in his carriage, attired in plain clothes, and not in the frogged hunting-jacket, the plumed cap, and the jack-boots, with the cutlass at his side, and the ophicleide on his arm, befitting a greater than *grand veneur* on such an occasion. He came in, however, for some of the fun, for we read in continuation that:—

"The body was not found until the next day, when the *curée* took place as usual by torchlight in the court-yard of the Palace. Their Majesties and most of the guests witnessed the scene from the balcony."

Here was more chevy if not tantivy to divert his Imperial Majesty; here was Chevy Chase, in so far as, according to our ancient ballad of that name:—

"To the quyrry then the Prnd went
To se the bryttynge off the deare."

Only instead of the case being that "a hondrith fat hartes ded ther lay," to be pounched and quartered, the fact was that there was only a single stag, though that one most likely looked plump enough, as it had been soaking twenty-four hours in water. The clown who likes to see a dead pig cut up, would prefer witnessing that spectacle by daylight, and immediately after the death of the animal; but pork is not venison; and the *curée* of the stag that had been fished out of the river was no doubt a rich treat to the beholders, if in a certain peculiarity they resemble those first Norman kings of ours of whom it was said that they "dearly loved the high deer." It is to be hoped that the hunters and huntresses of Compiègne enjoyed their haunch.

THE MILDNESS OF OUR MAGISTRATES.

WE of course should never dream of recommending such an outrage, but really it would be a good thing for society if somebody or other would just garotte a Magistrate. From the mildness of the sentences inflicted for assaults and robberies with violence, one is almost led to fancy that the Magistrates imagine that garotting is a harmless and quite venial amusement, and they who practise such sky-larking ought but lightly to be punished for it. Knocking a man down and stamping on his stomach is a little ebullition of boisterous hilarity, to which robbers in rude health are naturally prone. The other day there was a case of robbery with violence, where the thief was sent to prison for six months for the robbery, and for only one month extra on account of the assault. This is quite the usual proportion now for punishments, and the most savage act of cruelty is dealt with far more leniently than the slightest act of theft. In the magisterial eye one's person is of much less value than one's purse; and to filch one's pocket-handkerchief is a crime worse than half-strangling one, or nearly bludgeoning one's brains out. Had Magistrates to use their brains more often than they seem to do, they possibly might place a higher value on the article.

A man who earns his livelihood by exercise of thought may be robbed of a year's income by a rap upon his head; and his bludgeoners not merely will rob him of the cash that he may chance to have about him, but may deprive him of the power to earn enough to pay the doctor's bill for healing him. By a blow upon the brain-pan, or a throttling of the throat, a clever money-earning man may be made a helpless cripple, and perhaps his wife and family be left without support. Surely if the Magistrates thought more about the misery a ruffian may cause, they would think less tenderly about the brute himself. Mercy to the miscreant may prove a savage cruelty to helpless you or me. What we want just now is justice, and not maudlin generosity. As it is, the law appears to be more careful of *Bill Sykes* and his comfort and well-being, than it is of SMITH or BROWN who are law-fearing honest men; and ruffians are petted, worked little, and well fed, while the men whom they half murder, for aught we know, may starve.

A LADY OF TON.

Cabby. *"Wot's this 'ere? A tanner! Oh! this is run on the Sixpenny Cheapsiders, this is!"*
Stout Female Swell. *"Man! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"*
Cabby. *"So I am, Mum; so I am. And so I'd ort to be. For carrying sitch like at Sixpence a Ton."*

SCANDAL OUT OF THE SERVANTS' HALL.

We read in the *Morning Star* that Mr. George Thompson was to lecture at Finsbury Chapel on last Thursday evening—the subject being "The American War"—after which we are told by the same paragraph that:—

William Andrew Jackson, ex-coachman to Jefferson Davis, President of the rebel Confederacy, is also announced to address the meeting."

We think this practice of setting up servants to inveigh against their former masters is extremely undignified, if not snobbish. The fact of the servant in this instance being a black one, does not in the least lighten the offence, because he is evidently put forward by the anti-slavery party with no other object than to make out Jefferson Davis to be as black, morally, as William Andrew Jackson is physically. How would Mr. George Thompson like his own ex-coachman to tell the public everything he knew about him, mixed up with a great deal of what he did *not* know? It is true that coachmen, when they assume the elevated seat of their directorial functions, are allowed to turn their backs upon their masters, but that is no reason why a former flunkey should be permitted to do the same before a crowded assembly, or encouraged by applause to lay the whip about the shoulders of his master's character as much as his servile imagination pleases. We doubt if Mr. Washington Wilks himself would be an admirer of a similar system, supposing any discharged butler of his made a practice of informing his audience what quantity of wine, or grog, his master consumed every day, and how many servants he was in the habit of kicking down-stairs before sallying out of an evening to lecture on Civil and Religious Liberty.

Such a system of secret-telling, though probably very entertaining, would be condemned as most disgraceful, and those who listened would be blamed even more than those who talked. The sooner this tittle-tattle of the Servants' Hall is put a stop to, the better. It is only what Jenkins does in private life, when surrounded by an admiring circle of milliners' girls, or chamber-maids. It may be true that "no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre," but that is no justification why we should demean ourselves so low as to encourage the valet to throw out all his master's dirty linen in our presence merely to gratify our dirty curiosity. Listen to every valet, and you will soon be left without a single hero.

A WORKING MAN ON GAROTTING.

"Sir,

"I wish you to put it your own langage but I wish to Say that am please and proud to read that the Rich do hall in power for Poor fok in the Noth and I think we workmen Might do some Thing to show Wee hall pull togeter And are Reddy to help the Rich sir I think that wee might do some Thing with these garot scundrels And if stout workmen Give an hour or 2 anight and smash up a few garot Ruffns as you Might Say the Rich wold say We Did some Thing in return For there noble Helping of the pore foks in the Noth wich I am Reddy for one and Have a good cujel so is my mate hoping You will excuse herrors

"Yours respy

"A Hand."

Vulgarity at the Opera.

The grateful and graceful Parisians have been hissing Mario, just as the grateful and graceful Spaniards hissed Grisi. England, "to be valued only for her money," as Wagner sweetly observed, is more mindful of what is due to glorious artists even though they may not be all that they were in their very best days. Perhaps both France and Spain are better judges of the bull-fight, so dear to their masters and mistresses, than the opera. Certainly in Mario's case, we may say, *Laudatur ab hiss.*

The Haunt of the Rain-Dear.—The Lowther Arcade.

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